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ANNE RICE

THE MUMMY

or Ramses the Damned



THE MUMMY

Or Damses the Damned

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A COSMIC HORROR, DORMANT FOR CENTURIES,
IS ABOUT TO WAKEN . . .

GOD HELP US ALL.

NOW,
THE
TERROR
REALLY
BEGINS!



Based on characters and concepts
created by legendary horror writer

H.P. LOVECRAFT

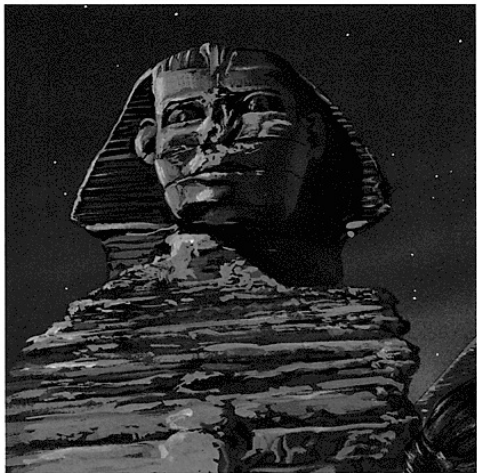
A 32 page color book coming this December from
MILLENNIUM

Anne Rice's "The Mummy or Ramses the Damned", Book Ten, January 1991. Published by Millennium Publications, Inc. The Mummy, or Ramses the Damned © 1989, Anne O'Brien Rice. Art © 1990 Millennium Publishing, Inc. Editorial Office: P.O. Box 5268, Sun City FL 33571.

No.
10

Suggested For
MATURE READERS

\$2.50 U.S.
\$3.00 Canada



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HOW STUPID THE GREEKS
HAD BEEN TO THINK THE
SUN THE CHARIOT OF A
DEITY, DRIVEN WILDLY
OVER THE HORIZON...

MY ANCESTORS HAD
KNOWN, THE SUN WAS
THE GOD RA, THE
GIVER OF LIFE ...
THE ONE AND ONLY
GOD BEFORE ALL
GODS...

... WITHOUT WHOM
ALL GODS WERE
NOTHING.

THE DIZZINESS COMES AGAIN...
AND A NAME COMES TO ME ...
RAMSES!

IN THE CATACOMBS
IT HAD BEGUN...



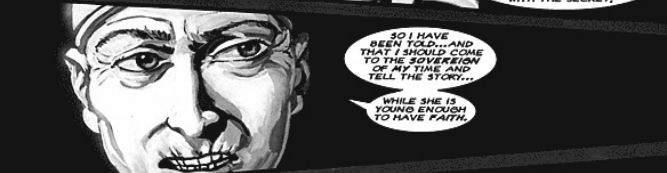


THE LEGEND
SAYS THAT HE
IS A POWERFUL
IMMORTAL -



KING PTOLEMY,
IN THE TIME OF
ALEXANDER CALLED
RAMSES FORTH.

AND HE
RETURNED, THIS RAMSES,
TO HIS DARKENED CHAMBER,
LEAVING ONLY THE PRIESTS
WITH THE SECRET.

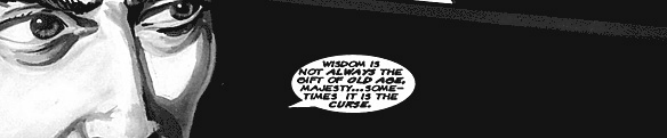


SO I HAVE
BEEN TOLD...AND
THAT I SHOULD COME
TO THE SOVEREIGN
OF MY TIME AND
TELL THE STORY...

WHILE SHE IS
YOUNG ENOUGH
TO HAVE FAITH.

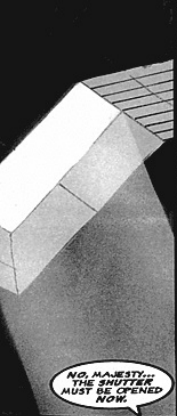


THAT
IS WHAT YOU
HAVE...FAITH
AND DREAMS.



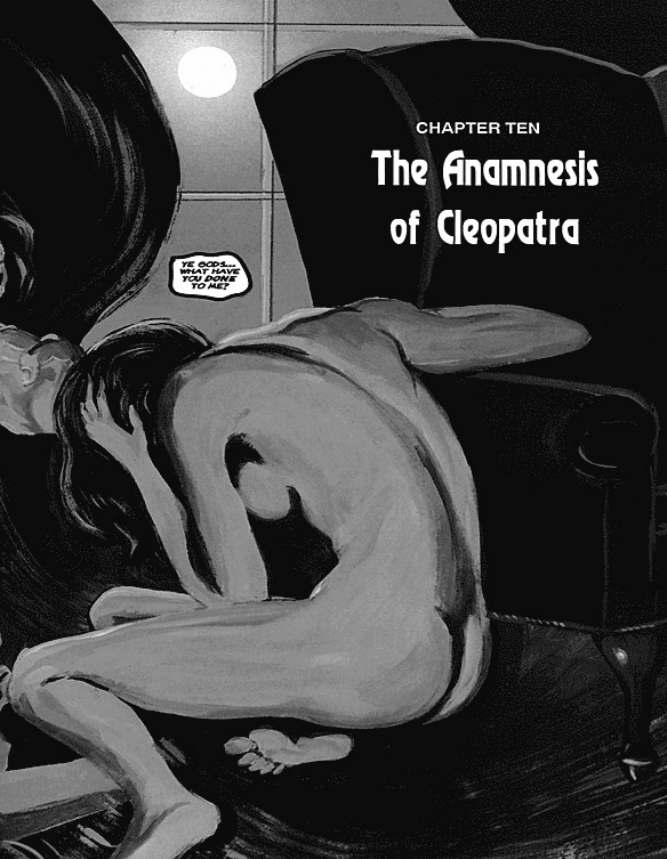
WISDOM IS
NOT ALWAYS THE
GIFT OF OLD AGE,
MAJESTY...SOME-
TIMES IT IS THE
CURSE.







RAMSES...
I REMEMBER!



CHAPTER TEN

The Anamnesis of Cleopatra

YE GODS...
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE
TO ME?



ELLIOT..?



ELLIOT?

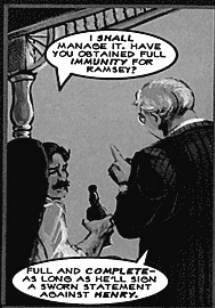
HMPH?



I'VE BEEN
WITH WINTHROP
ALL NIGHT.

YOU HAVE MY
SYMPATHIES,
PITFIELD...





ROME HAS FALLEN...
TWO THOUSAND YEARS
HAVE PASSES...

SO
BEAUTIFUL ...

WHAT IS
IT, YOUR
HIGHNESS?

TAKE YOUR
BREAKFAST,
YOUNG LORD!

THERE ARE MANY
THINGS I MUST SEE!

AREN'T
YOU JOINING
ME?

I'VE ALREADY...
FEASTED, MY LOVE.



WHAT IS THAT?

A NEWSPAPER. AWFUL NEWS, TOO.

READ ALOUD.

SOME POOR WOMAN IN A DRESS SHOP. WITH HER NECK BROKEN LIKE ALL THE REST.

CAIRO NEWS

ROBBERY AND MURDER IN DRESS SHOP!



UPGRADE TO BURN YOURSELF

AND THEY'VE GOT A PICTURE OF RAMSEY AND JULIE! WHAT A DISASTER!

RAMSES...?

THERE... YOU SEE?

YES—RAMSES!





Mystery Man Sought For Information Being Sought at This Time As to The Whereabouts of Archeologist

PAGE ONE suggestion: maybe there can be long, horizontal panels.

Panel 1: AFRICA. We are looking at a clearing out into undergrowth, at the rocky foothills of a mountain range. There isn't a lot of foliage. It is daytime and looks very hot.

A one-story, house-like structure with a thatched roof is set in the clearing. The thatched roof is smoking. A sign hangs askew over the wide veranda. The sign reads: PLUMPTON MOUNTAIN HOSPITAL. It is shot full of bullet holes. In fact, much of the hospital is full of bullet holes. Several dead NATIVES are sprawled out around the clearing.

In the far b.g., a figure approaches. It is Dr. BARRY COO, wearing a white lab coat and carrying a satchel slung over a shoulder. He is looking down at a small object in his hand.

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can be long, and I can't see the man's face. A speech bubble from the man says 'TELL ME... WHO IS THAT WOMAN BESIDE HIM?'.

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-I TRIED TO REASON WITH HENRY, BUT WHEN HE BROKE THE CASE AND REMOVED THE MUMMY, I REALIZED IT WAS HOPELESS.

I TRIED TO GET OUT ON MY OWN, BUT THE GUARDS - WELL, YOU KNOW THE STORY.

THEY SAID THEY SHOT YOU --

SIR, THEY'RE HIRELINGS WHO BARELY KNOW HOW TO FIRE THEIR GUNS.

MILES, YOU KNOW THIS MAN IS INNOCENT. IT'S HENRY - HAS BEEN ALL ALONG.



BUT THE WHOLE STORY IS SO --

RAMSEY HAS BEEN SUBJECTED TO ENOUGH, AND SO HAVE WE. HE'S ALREADY MADE THE CRUCIAL STATEMENT THAT HENRY CONFESSED TO THE MURDER OF HIS UNCLE.



YES... HENRY STRATFORD MADE THIS VERY PLAIN TO ME.





LISTEN, MILES -
YOU CLEAR THIS
UP NOW, UNLESS
YOU INTEND TO
BECOME A SOCIAL
RECLUSE.



BUT THE
BRITISH MUSEUM-?

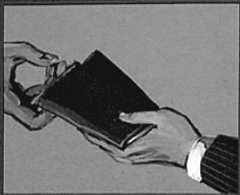


I ASSURE YOU
THAT IF MY PARTY
IS NOT ON THE TRAIN
TOMORROW, YOU WILL
NEVER BE RECEIVED
AGAIN BY ANY FAMILY
IN CAIRO OR LONDON!

DO
I MAKE MYSELF
CLEAR???



YES,
MILORD.





ARE WE QUITE
FINISHED WITH
THIS LITTLE
PERFORMANCE?

I AM
WASTING
VALUABLE
TIME HERE!

WELL,
YOU HAVE A
LOT OF TIME
TO WASTE.
DON'T YOU?



IT'S IMPERATIVE
YOU RETURN TO
THE HOTEL NOW.

FOOLISHNESS!



EXPEDIENCY.
GET IN.



SIRE...



...ON OUR OWN,
WE CANNOT
FIND HER.



THIS TIME, THE LITTLE ROOM THAT MOVES DOES NOT
FRIGHTEN ME...IT SERVES THE PEOPLE OF
THIS TIME AS ALL THE STRANGE DEVICES THAT
HAD EARLIER SEEMED TO BE INSTRUMENTS
OF HORROR...THINGS EXQUISITELY CAPABLE OF
BRINGING SUFFERING AND DEATH.

HOW STRANGE THAT I HAD
INTERPRETED THESE THINGS
IN TERMS OF THEIR MOST
MALICIOUS USES!





YOU'RE THE MOST
WONDERFUL THING
THAT'S EVER COME
INTO MY LIFE! YOU
ARE--



--LIKE A
GHOST?



NO...
YOU'RE MUCH
TOO REAL FOR
THAT!



LET ME LEAVE
WORD AT THE
DESK FOR MY
FATHER.

I CAN DO
THAT FOR
YOU, MY
LORD.



THANK YOU.
I SHALL SEE
HIM TONIGHT--
AT THE OPERA.



GOOD LORD -
LOOK AT THAT!



MY SON...
DRIVING OFF WITH
A WOMAN...AT A
TIME LIKE THIS!



PERHAPS HE
IS DOING WHAT
SOCIETY EXPECTS
OF HIM, AS YOU
KEEP INSISTING.

WE MUST
DO WHAT SOCIETY
EXPECTS OF US.



UNDER ENGLISH
LAW, A MAN IS
INNOCENT UNTIL
PROVEN GUILTY.

PUBLICLY,
WE PRESUME HENRY
IS INNOCENT, AND
WE KNOW NOTHING
OF THESE ATROCITIES-



-WHILE IN
PRIVATE WE'VE
DONE OUR DUTY
AS CITIZENS OF
THE CROWN.

YOU DEFINITELY
SHOULD HAVE BEEN
A KING'S ADVISOR.





THE LUST FOR IMMORTALITY HAS BURN'T ITSELF OUT?

PERHAPS IN DEATH, I'LL FIND WHAT I SEEK, RATHER THAN WHAT I DESERVE.

NOW AND THEN, I PICTURE HEAVEN AS A VAST LIBRARY, WITH UNLIMITED VOLUMES TO READ...

...PAINTINGS TO EXAMINE... I PICTURE IT AS A GREAT DOORWAY TO LEARNING...

DO YOU THINK THE HEREAFTER COULD BE LIKE THAT?

A HEAVEN OF MAN-MADE THINGS, LIKE OUR ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HEAVEN?

I THINK NOT.

OH, THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS I WANTED TO DISCUSS WITH YOU --

BUT IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT.

MY SON IS THE ONLY IMMORTALITY THAT MATTERS TO ME NOW.

WE HAD WALKED
THROUGH THE
CITY OF THE DEAD -
THE PLACE OF THE
EXALTED ONES...





...WE HAD SEEN
THE FORTRESS OF BABYLON,
AND NOW WE WANDER THE
BAZARS IN THE HEAT OF
THE AFTERNOON SUN.

I WANT TO SEE NO MORE OF THE
ANCIENT RUINS. I WANT ONLY TO
BE WITH HIM.

I LIKE YOU,
YOUNG LORD.
YOU MAKE ME
FORGET MY
PAIN...

AND THE
SCORES I MUST
SETTLE.

MEMORIES RISE...
BLACK WAVES...



HAD ANTONY
GONE DOWN IN
BLACK WATER?

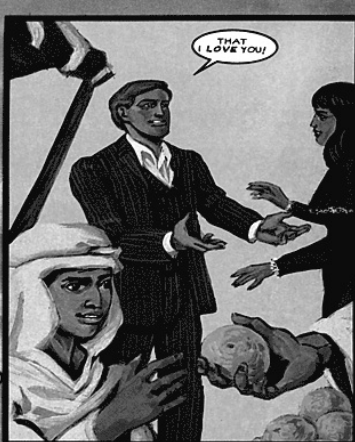


AND SO I'M TO BE
ALONE AM I? IN
THIS WILDERNESS
OF THOSE WHO
CAN DIE??



OPE RAMSES...! CURSE YOU!







REGINA.
MY QUEEN.

SO JULIE STRATFORD HAD
LEFT HIM, HAD SHE? THE
MODERN WOMAN WHO WENT
EVERYWHERE ON HER
OWN AND DID AS SHE
PLEASSED.

BUT THEN, IT
HAD BEEN A
GREAT KING
WHO HAD
SEDUCED HER.



AND NOW LORD SUMMERFIELD
HAS HIS QUEEN.



LORD SUMMERFIELD,
WHO WILL DIE AS
ANTHONY HAD DIED.



WILL JULIE STRATFORD
BE ALLOWED TO DIE?









I MUST PERSUADE
JULIE TO LEAVE/
IS IT NOT BEST
FOR HER?

HAVE I NOT
CAUSED EVIL
ENOUGH?

BUT I OWE ELLIOT A
DEBT...THE MAN WHO
HAD SHELTERED
CLEOPATRA.

BUT OVER AND
OVER I SEE JULIE'S
FACE ...

"DESTROY THE
ELIXIR," SHE SAID.
"YOU MUST NEVER
BREW THE ELIXIR
AGAIN."

AND THEN
CLEOPATRA...

"YOU ARE WEAK,
ALL OF YOU," SHE
HAD SAID. "I LIKE
KILLING YOU."

"IT SOOTHES
MY PAIN TO
WATCH YOU
DIE!"